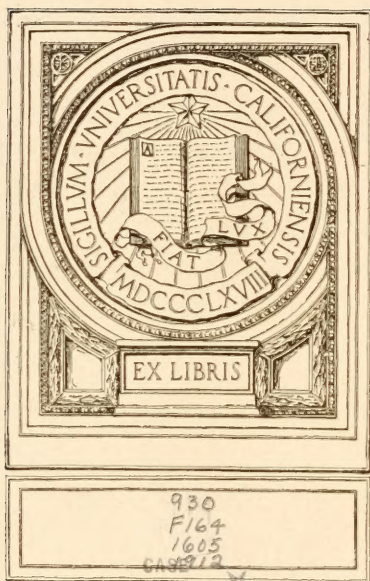


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The
Fair Maid of Bristow

Date of the only known edition, 1605

(B.M. C. 34, b. 6.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Fair Maid of Bristow

1605

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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CALIFORNIA

The Fair Maid of Bristow

1605

This facsimile is from a copy of the only known edition, now in the British Museum. One other copy is known to be in the Bodleian.

The play was registered with the Stationers' Company on February 8th, 1605, and was probably played at Hampton Court early in October, 1604.

An exhaustive and valuable monograph on the play was issued by Mr. Quinn in 1902 under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania.

Having regard to the extremely poor and difficult condition of the original—badly printed on thin and now over-stained paper—this reproduction has been carefully and successfully executed. Here and there is observable the barest tendency to excess in tone, but beyond that there is little on which to comment.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE FAIRE MAIDE of Bristovv.

As it was plaide at Hampton, before the
King and Queenes most excellent
Maiesties,



Printed at Loudon for Thomas Panyer, and are
to be solde at his shop, at the entrance
into the Exchange 1605.

The Faire maid of Bristovv.

Enter Challenger, and Vallenger.

Chal: Come Vallen. lets to Sir God-fries house,
I know there will be reuelings to night
This is his birth day: and he welcoms all,
Fair Anabell his daughter is my loue,

There shalt thou see the Idoall of my thought,
Faire Bristows miroꝝ and my harts delight.

Val. friend Challenger, I wonder at thy humoꝝ,
To dote so much ouer this female kind,
That charms thy senses makes thy eye sight blind.

Chal. Thou art an enemy to women still,
I prethee what doth best agree with thee.

Val. To see my hounds, to chase the fallow dære,
to see my satchon strike the partridge dead,
to heare my horse Carre, to drinke full healths,
and not lye puling for an nounce of Beauty,

Chal. I loue to see my hounds as well as thee,
My horse, my satchon, and healths when time serues,
But aboue all my mistris I prefer,
She is the Jewel that doth heate my blond,
And therefore Vallenger, for my sake goe
and see, the gallants will be here to night,

Val. Psaith you bind me to a mighty task
To see your Lady, and your Ladies maske,
then prethee peace here will we keepe our stand.

Chal. For by the Drum the Maskers are at hand.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Vmphreuil, his wife, his daughter,
and the Maskers to daunce.

The faire Maid

God. Now gentlemen, your welcome to my house,
God maister Challenger and your hon^r friend,
So are you all young gallants every one,
But we forget our selues, boddy of me,
Where be these Laddes, what shall we haue
Be dauncing after dinner? No, by with the tables,
If they haue dined with in, and come
young Laddes now to your dance againe.

Here they dance and Vallenger speaks.

Val. False tong that spoke such blasphemie before,
That I outpaised, now doth my soule adore.

Chal. How dost thou like my loue now Vallenger?

Val. O how demine and I become her thall.

Chal. Doth this world yield her fellow, yett hee speake,

Val. A thousand, I must hence or else my hart will break.

Exit.

Chal. What meanes my friend in such a humour ge,
He know the cause before I leave him so,

Exit Challenger, and Vallenger. Here the dancc ends.

God. Gentlemen I thank you all,
Lets in to supper the the cheare be small. (Exit the Maskers.)

Enter vallenger and Challenger.

Chal. Vallinger thou art a friend to thy friend,

val. Not to my friend but alwaies to my foe.

Chal. Why dost thou loue the faith I do adore.

val. To anger thee I sweare to loue her more.

of Bristow.

Chal. I loued her first, when thou didst loue di. daine.

val. I loue her now, there oze thy lone is haine.

Chal. For weare to name her of e thou art my 'de.

val. For weare my Anabell, hence dotard go,

Chal. Prepare the Challenor it is decreed.

For Anabell, o: thou o: I must bleed :

val. On Sir tis welcome pare not but thrust home.

Here they fight, vallenger falls downe.

And Challenor flies away, vallenger cals

For helpe, Sir God frey, his wife, and his

Daughters, comes forth with lights.

val. Some Gracious Body helpe me I am flaine.

God. Who e that which cals so: help, gods pittie wife,
The Gentleman, lies bleeding hère that came
with maister Challen.

I pray Sir peake who hath hurt ye thus.

val. The villen Chalener hath almost flaine me.

God. Challenor, why I thought you had bin friends.

What was the matter Sir may I know it :

val. About your daughter, and while she was dancing

I prayed her gesture and her comely grace,

But Challenor most like a liberall villaine,

Did giue her scandalus Ignoble termes,

Which I rebuked him o: whercupon,

We drew our weapons, I by chaunce being dolone,

The coward villaine thus hath wounded me.

God. How ay you wife, did not I say so much,

He was a Cutter and a swaggerer,

He haue my child, no, no, he aymes ami te,

Go pre ently make search throughout the Citty,

Where ere you find him carrie him straight to pri on,

Loke to him, conie Sir, since your hurt

Was about my giele, you shall not from

my house till you are thorow whole.

The faire Maid

val. I thank you sir, I am much bound to you.
God. Come sir, my wife and my daughter shalbe
your surgeon, come helpe him in : softly kinanes I say,
Exit Omnes.

Enter Harbert, sentloe, and Florence
a Courtizan.

Har. I prethee sentloe leaue this foell life,
That will vndo thee if thou folloves it,
Art thou so fond ouer so light a thing,
Dost thou expect her lust be foze thy loue
Dost thou not see thy sin noz yet thy shame,
Thy reputation, honoz, noz thy name.

Sent. I prethee harbert peace content thy selfe,
She whom I loue, thou see'st loues me againe,
thinks, thou that I so long haue seen the worlde,
and do not know my friend noth from my foe.

Har. She whow thou think'st wil proue thy greatest friend,
Will proue a serpent and a cochtatryce :

Foz what is she but a common stall,
that loues thee foz thy coine, not foz thy name,
Such loue is beastle, rotten, blind, and lame.

Sent. Fozdeare me this, and chid me foz ought else,

Har. Leau this, and undertake what likes thee best,
Leau her, and then my thoughts will be at rest,

Flo. And why sir leau me, foz your companie,
I would thy loue were equal vnto mine,
then sentloe should be sure he had a friend.

Har. As thine. Doe rather hang my selfe,
sentloe leau England foz a litle space,
Goe to braue Richard in the holie Land,
the warres will teach thee to forget thy loue.

Flo. Will sentloe leau hir that doth loue him so,
foz thy sake will I go in russet,

ly

of Bristow.

Ly in a cottage, eat what so thou please,
Rather then I will want thy companie,
I will be come as mild and ductyfull,
as euer Grissell was into hir lord,
and soz my constancie, as Lucrce was,
and if that Benthio will but lue with me.

Sent. I know it sweet, when I from thee depart,
Then let my Luke warme blood, forsaake my hart,
harbert you toryng me to abuse her thus.

Har. Thou wrongst thy selfe, me, and all thy frends,
But if thou wilt not leave her company
I bow my frendship to thee is cold.
He leave thee to the humors of thy youth,
To one that hath noz honestie noz truty.

Sent. What dost thou threaten me, go wher you please,
Harbart your companie contents not me,
Leave me, ile leave thee first,
and so farwell : come loue lets hence.

To Bristow will we go,
Who cares where Harbart be oz frend oz foe.

Har. O how unbiueled is the course of youth,
That takes his frend to be his greates foe,
and thynks the counsell that should do him good :
Like poison, oz as the herbe Draconis,
Well tho thou scoyne thy frend that holds thee deare,
he will not leaue thee in extremitie,
Thou art gone to Bristow, thether will I go,
Whers I will proue a frend and not a foe.

Exit.

Enter Sir godsfrey, vallingier, his wife, and his
daughter,

god. Sir I am glad you are so well reconered,

And.

The faire Maid

And for the motion which you made to me,
Touching my child, I promise you truly Sir,
I do not know the man in Bristol,
That I affect more then I do your else,
Chal Sir I haue found it, and I wish I may
spake satisfaction of your god regard,
And louing care that you haue had of me,
So please you Sir to know your daughters mind,
Which way her maiden thoughts are most inclin'd,

Enter a messenger with a letter.

Val. From whom the Letter.

Mes. From your father Sir,

He reads the Letter.

God. Come hether wife, daughter a word with you,
I know that once thou didst loue Challenger,
But he is fled, thou wast a waging fellow,
Tell me my girl wilt thou be ruled by me,
And ile prouide a man fit for thy turne.

Ana. Faith whoeuer you shall thinke meet.

God. Why thats wel sed my wench, ther spok an angel
Like yonder what list thou to yong Vallenger,
He is a man as twere compleat of ware,
His father is an honorable knight,
A Challenger, a very stock to this,
Loue him my girl, say as I say, do.

Ana. I neuer heard of ather labour more,

To win his daughter that was won before.

Val. Daughter what say you to your father.

God. Why will I know what she would say already,
She hath loued Challenger. And would thinke,
Her end in leauing him to loue to thine another,
And thinks we would be angry,

If she loued Challenger, but be thy mind

Ana. Father, I know these words are all but tests,

Dispose

of Bristow.

Dispo'se euen as it likes you best.

God. Well ed my gicle then Wallenger is he,
What say you Ellen do you not agree.

Wein. What likes you two, is neuer Crosse,
Mine is the care, but yours is the losse.

God. How maister Wallenger, god news a gods name
From whence is that letter Sir may I know,

Val. You may Sir God-frey, this letter is from my
Father Sir, who to morrow comes to Bristoe,
And meanes to soorne here all the winter tyme.

God. He shall be welcome, I would my hou's
Were thought fit for his entertainment,

But on, so may I call you now,
And if that you agree how say you Sir.

val. Sir I wish it were to night be ore to morrow,
And by your daughters leaue, seale it with this kisse.

God. Well ed harts poule neuer be yonger,
Let's in to get all things in readines.

Exit Omnes

Enter Challenger, his man and a Gentleman
of Bristow.

Chal. God maister Chambers, your welcome Sir to
London, how farr our friends at Bristoe & at chan here,

Cham. H. Challenger, all well, your friends at Bristoe,
Would be glad to see you.

Chal. Indeed I dare sweare that I haue some friendes
There, but among all, how doth yong Wallenger?

Cham. O the man you hurt.

Chal. Euen he.

Cham. Exceeding well, he is at Sir God-freys hou's,
And is on thur day next to be espou'ed,
So beutious Anabel the old knights daughter.

The faire Maid

Cha. Is possible?

Cham. 'Tis as I tell you Sir,
But maister Challenger I am in some hall,
And pleageth you come to come and say with me,
He tell you then the matter moze at large.

Exit gendeman.

cha. Faire Anabell married to Challenger,
The newes doth run like yfe through all mye haues,
Is Anabell married to Challenger?

A faithles woman, feathles, and unkind,

Wron with a word o' labour, lost like wind.

O I could rend my flesh, and teare my haire,

Married to Challenger, what to mye, or?

By heauen if all mye wealth were in the sea,

And I le t Despaire, rickerles, and bare,

It would not hal e so much haue gauld my hart,

As this 'ane newes, this 'atall deadlines.

Is. What chere you maister neuer he o' say,

But let her go more wenches may be had.

cha. So none like her, but I will straight from hence,

With my owne per onage I will dispence:

I perthe laques get me a Doctors weed,

For unto Bristow will we with all speed,

There will we se the Bide-grame and the Bide,

Get straight post horses, for this night sic ride,

And presently get me a Doctors tice,

All I am at Bristow, each part is one fire.

Exit Omner,

Enter Sentlo, and Harbert, disguised like
a Seruingman.

Sentr. Did Maister Herbert then send you to me.

Blu. How thank you, he told me he st it in the letter.

Sentr,

of Bristow.

Senr. Dost thou know what he hath written here.

Blunt. Not I, nor I greatly do not care.

Senr. Where he desires me as ere I tenderd him
That I would entertaine thee as my man. chuse,

Blunt. You may I you wil, I you wil not you may

Senr. I prethe what is thy name?

Blunt. Blunt.

Senr. Blunt name? Blunt nature?

Where my friend doth write,

Who he be somewhat to burne in his wordes,

Yet he is of confirmed honesty,

Tell Blunt I entertaine you Sir,

How now, sweet loue, who e thou.

Enter Florence and Frog.

Flo. Harry what hatt tis Sir godfreys man,
That comes to bid vs to his daughters marriage.

Frog. I Sir my name is Frog: god man Frogs son

O Frog Hall, that am ent from my master,

To desire you and the Gentlewoman,

To make a step to walke, or as it were to

Come, or approach, to dinner: This is all Sir.

Blunt. Do you heare Sir, is this my mistres.

Senr. I Blunt.

Blunt. is she not a Whore: she lookes like one?

Senr. Peace Sircha on your li e.

Flo. What aulle merchant haue you got there, (mine)
Frog breathe his pate:

Frog. So by my faith, hees like one would oner break

senr. Tell Frog tell thy Maister I will not aile.

Flo. Sweet hart shall I gain this gotune?

senr. The tune is to hoist to make another.

Blunt. is not that gotune god enough or a whore?

Flo. By heauen if you maintaine this I a call haue,

To abuse me, keep him and let me go.

13 ii.

Blunt.

The faire Maid

Be'fore an honest seruant, let him.

Sent. Go to, peace sirha, no more.

Blunt. I haue done sir: Harbert, whether wilt thou:
Thy loue vnto thy friend makes thee forget
thy selfe, therefore no more.

Sent. I prethy swiet I am content thy selfe,
This fellow was sent me from a speciall friend
Who he be blunt yet is very honest.

Ho. I could be content to loue him well enough,
So he could afford me better words.

Blu. Well I wil speake no more what shall offend you
Lets goe swiet hart, ther'ore blunt come goe you along,
Sir godfrey staies, ther'ore we do him wrong,

Sent. Thou wrongest thy selfe, god send thee to amend
And wouldest do further worst not for thy friend.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Sir godfrey, Sir Eustace, Mother,
and anaball.

Eust. Sir Godfrey vmphreuil, & my honord sister.
My bony bryde, and this fayre company,
How it glades old Eustace hallenger
To & this god oration of our mirth.
Had my oulde true hasted Sara lyued,
To haue sene the marriage of her daxe son
And in soe god and worship full a stock,
As oulde vmphrevilles: well twas a woman
Fet such like now: you oulde willy crie
Will you be waiting still.

Wom. She was a true and vertuous gentle woman
The poore will say so.

God. I hope my child will imitate her steps,

Eust. Come anaball thou now must be my wife,

of Briltow.

My huswife, and my house keeper, and all,
I know thou hast bin bred by for a hu wife,
Thy husbands a wild boy I confes.
But let him stay and keep the companye
By the holy rode he wotkes not heer.
But brother, heres an Italian docter thats com-
mended to vs by especiall friends,
Whom we must intertaine with god regard.
Ho, who e with in there :

Enter vallenger, Challiner like a Docter, Sentlo,
Anabell, Florence.

val. Do you call Sir :

Eu. Ye, Ye, Ned you trille out the time.

val. Sir I was welcoming this gentleman,
This Gentelwoman, and this docter,
Being strangers here in Briltow.

god. Signeo: Iulio I vnderstand your called sir.

Doct. That is my name Sir.

God. Right reuerent Docter your most welcom hether,
My hou e, or what el e, is at your command.

Eust. The like say I sir, be bould thereof

Doct. Most honored knights whatsoeuer lies in mee,
Command my best indeuer.

Eust. Com mistresse flozance you must knowe
That your come to Briltow.

And must now help to grace our Wyde,

Flo With all my hart Sir Eustace at her seruice

va. Sir, maister Sentlo is the man I chu e,

To intertaine the byde, he giues me leaue

To welcome Mistres flozance.

god. Come brother you and Ie con'er w M. Docter.

Flo. What on your wedding day and change,

The faire Maid

As your brides beauty les esteemd them in me,

va. The Woe that Sucks the bitter Hemlock flowers,

When that he comes to tast the Violet

Doth count his former food as trash and weeds

Thou art the Violet the bitter Hemlock shee,

I blind be ore, but now mine eyes doth see.

Doct. I ouerhard thee, thou base Challenger.

That such an angell should endure the euell,

To linke her else to that in a fatal deuill

god. Come woe discoure to long, we shall haue

Time enough for conference.

va. What will you see to Coy,

Flo. With you men are so deceytfull,

That shewes a woe will credit what you say,

Euill. Why spedd what meanest thou

va. Sir but one word with Master Doctor, I com,

Tell I will Compaie thee whatsoeuer befall.

Exit all but vallengier, and

The Doctor.

Sent. Well since the bride doth giue me leaue.

Ile bee so bold as to haue a Dance.

Exit.

va. Doctor, a word.

Doct. With me Sir, I with thee.

va. When o thy wit are wozne to exercise,

But further me and keepe my counsell.

In that which I shall here impart to thee,

And Ile giue thee a Hundred pounds in gold.

god. Sir heres my hand, what ouer lies in me,

You shall comand my hart and exercise,

It is enough then Doctor thus much know,

Tho happily it may seme straining to thee.

that

of Bristow.

That on my marriage day I should transgrede
So far as now I must recule to thee,
But think tis loue, blind loue that leads me on,
That conquers Gods, and much more mortall men.
doct. Delay not sin but speake your mind at full.

va. Then thus in Blisse Anabel is my wife,
But Florence is the Pistris of my hart,
I loue her Doctor, Dost thou consecrate me now,
doct. How would you I should help you in her loue,
Why now thou comest vnto the very maine.

va. Thou knowest her sweet hart Gentlo, has the let.
doct. And what way would you haue him remoued.
va. Why poysoned mian, a little dram will doe.
doct. Poysoned Sir, alas you know tis death.

va. If it be knowne but that shall neuer be,
Speake honest Doctor, wilt thou doe for me,
doct. Sir for your sake although it touch my nere,
Hers my hand ile doe.

va. But Doctor neuer feare.
Gold will salue all, and that thou shalt not want.
doct. Sir Ile stretch mine art to do you good,
Tho ventring so it cost my dearest blood,
va. thanks gentle Doctor goe to Florence waite,
With in this houre Ile in the garden waite,
there bring her alone, Gentloe is sure,
And as for Anabel her thoughtes be pure,
Gentloe once dead, Doctor thou knowest my mind,
Faith anabell she shales not long be hynde,
God Doctor faile not, I must now to dinner,

Exit.

doct. Now heauen forgine thee thy pernicious sinnes
I poison Gentloe, now the lord forsend.
that such a thought should enter in my brest,
Blessed be the time I toke a Doctors shape,
For by this meanes Gentloe his death shall scape,

and

The faire Maid

And louely Anabell her life let see,
False Challenger shall be deceiv'd by me,
And that deceit is lawfull kind and iust,
That doth pꝛeuent his murder and his lust,
And tho I haue faire Anabels loue lost,
Yet Challenger shall in this iute be crost.

Enter Frog and douse.

Frog. Come thou'e. Now we haue time and place as
They say, I pꝛethie v come with no delay,
But still say, do not ay you will not haue me,
Now because I am none of your burgers,
But Douse as I am hastie yet I am not the hastiest,
And though I am resty, Yet I am not lowlie,
And of one that cannot talke much,
So I loue to speake little, soz as that
Worthy Philosopher Hector ses, the words
Of the wise do offend the foolish, so
Douse in few words and in tedious talke,
Tell me when is this day.

Douse. What day frog.

Frog. What day frog? dost thou aske what day,
Why Douse this day of wedlock Douse,
This day of going together Douse,
This day of wearing out shetes and
Thro wing downe blanketts Douse.

Douse. I faith frog you know I haue little,
And soz your owne part your as poore as Iob,

Frog. But not so scabed I thank God Dou'e,
Well, I see you regard not the wisdom
But the wealth, not the man: but the mony,
O Dou'e, Douse, much hast thou to answer soz.

Dous. Besides I think you do not loue me.

Frog.

of Bristow.

frog. Not lone thee, why I cannot dreame my matters
Whoz ea or thinking of thee : I cannot dreame or
Sleeping of thee : but or a certainty,
I loue thee indeed, when I goe to bed
And pluck of my shoes, there you may smell
Loue out of me : and then I sigh and then I pause,
And say that Dowce is the onely cause.

Douce. Well frog, I haue but telled all this while
Plaith frog habest thou bin ruled by me,
Thou habest not bin frogging out of the well
So long : but frog twas thy fault.

frog. The more is to come Dowce, then you will
Haue me, we shall to this geere ?

Douce. A sweet hart, name you the time,
The sooner the better.

frog. So say I dowce, soz as the old saying is,
He that hath a god dinner, knowes better the way
To upper : but dowce, we will be married a Sunday,
And that we will be spoken to be liberall,
Weele giue ten groates to the poze : with this
I prouiso, that if we needs it, weele haue
our ten groats agin.

douce. I but afterwards will you not proue vnkind ?

frog. How dowce vnkind ?

When tinkers leaue to drinke god ale,
And Souldiers of their weapons sale,
When pedlers go without there pack,
And water is more deare then sack,
When Shomakers drinks that is small,
And Lawiers haue no tongues at all,
When Fencers leaue of giuing knocks,
And youngnen hate fauce Whoredens smocks,
When drunkards scozne a copar nose,
And Butchers nere mende lowlie hole,

The faire Maid

When the cat shall hate a mouse,
Then Frog shall ponne vinking to Dowle,
and so sweet hart lets goe and wep,
and after to dinner and then to bed.

Exit.

Enter the docter and his man.

doct. Go Sirrha at the back doze,
Bring mistress Anabel, make hast away.

Is. I warrant you Sir.

Exit.

Well Vallenger if all things fall out right:

You shall haue little cause to thanke

The Docter, but here he comes.

val, How now Docter, what will Florence come,

Doct. She will be here Sir, presently, and see
You can no longer speake but she is come.

Enter Florence and Blunt.

Ho. Go Sirrha, do you tend at doze.

Let none come in vntles I call to you.

Blu. I will, straight fetch Sentloe, to this match,

Are you there Docter, yfaith he be euen with you.

Exit Blunt.

va. Sweet mistress welcome.

Flo. vallenger now by this light.

Thou art the welcomest man in Christendome.

va. Thanks gentle mistress, but how if Sentlo come.

Flo. Hang him I neuer lou'd him in my life,

Only I gull the Rascall for his money.

Doct. The more villaine vallenger

To leaue his true wife for a common stall.

Ho. Now by this hand, I wonder vallenger,

What delight thou takest in such a wife,

But that she is somewhat wise, and modest,

But

of Bristow.

But to consent a gallant spirit indeed,

By this light she is a very block to me.

match

va. hang her; I care not for her, our fathers made the

Enter anabell.

How with a diuill what whirle wind blew you hether?

How now minke, what make you here?

Ana. I hard my Challenger was all alone,

If I offend the loue, ile straight begone,

yet I had rather stay and if you please.

flo. Challenger, what makes your minion here,

What are you lealious huswife with a por?

Ana. I pray you gentwoman be not offended,

Please you my husband and all shall be mended.

Va. Goe get home, or I shall set you packing.

flo. I haue a trick and if it fall out right,

shall mone her patience ere she part from hence.

Ana. thou art to me, as hodie to the soule,

My life is death without thy companie.

flo. By my troth heere is an excellent rebato.

Would I had such a one.

va. Likes it thes mistress?

Here take it, a woyle will serue your turne.

Ana. Withhall my hart, here mistress take it,

at home I haue a better, please you to goe

With me ile giue it you.

flo. Heres a wonderfull good fashiond gown,

Ide ride my horse twenty milles for such another.

va. Huswife, vncase, a woyle will serue your turne.

ana. All that I haue sweet Challenger is thine,

and what is thine, thou boldly maist bestow,

What all I haue, onely reserve thy selfe.

and gentelwoman pittie my estate,

think that I am a woman as your selfe,

Had you a husband that you loued so deere,

- C ii

and

The faire Maid

And see another rob you of his hart,
Would it not grieue you? Yes I know it will,
But yet I pray, for my sake vse him kind,
I am sure heele deserue it at your hands,
va. Goe, get you hence, or else ile send you packing.
Ana. I will sweet loue, and where so ere thou art,
God end thee neuer a lesse louing hart.

Exit.

Enter Sentloe and Blunt.

Sent. vallenger, your a villaine to vse me thus.
va. Sentl. the villaine I throw back againe,
And will maintaine mine hono^r with my sword,
Draw vallenger, one of our deathes is nigh.

Here they drawe, Blunt and the Docter comes betweene
them.

Blunt. Go to, put ty vallenger, or ile make you.

va. Well sentlo another time shall erue for vs.

Exit vallenger and the Docter.

flo. I prethe gentle loue be patient.

Sent. Dut ye whoe come not in my sight,
For if thou dost by heauen ile martir thee.

Exit Sentlo.

flo. Canst thou me whoe, now by this light
Ile haue thee murdered, and if gold can do it.

Blunt. Gold can do much, but deuill can do more,
There is a true patern, o a common whoe.

Whis is what meanes my maister to part in such a rage.

flo. For with the Gentleman is Iellious,
But I would quickly rid him of that feuer,
And if thou wouldst Blunt but content with me.

Blunt.

of Bristow.

Blunt. What is it Mistris, it shall goe hard
Shall make me slack in what may profit you,
Although you still thought that I loved you not.

Ho. Now Blunt I see it, and will report thy love,
And for a signe here take this purse of gold,
And now but make the issue of my purpose.

Thou seest that Sento's wine : begins to wear,
And Challenger is even now on the spur,
And for my sake will empty all his treasure,
And what I have I will impart to thee,
But murder Sento, then is Florence free.

Blunt. Mistris if this should be done,
A crash of your office were not cast away.

Ho. Feare not Blunt we will not stick for that.

Blunt. Then béeres my hand, before the sun go downe,
Ile do the deede Sento shall shortly die.

Ho. The deede being done come presently to me,
And we will scollitch in his tragedy.

Exit Florence.

Bl. O Sento, wert not for thy friend,
How many dangers habest thou fallen into,
The mischief : now abroach I did foretell,
For by my meanes thy life in safety dwelles.

exit sentloe.

The drunken mirth.

Enter sir Godfrey, Eustice, and the docter, Anabel in
her wastcote.

God. O my deere daughter how could he use thee thus :

eust. My son rob thee of thy faire D:naments.

God. And for a Trumpets loue, O God, O God.

eust. Split soule a sunoer, that thy sons so bild.

God. Give me my child (Sir Eustice) as he is,

The faire Maid

A vertuous maide dishonored by thy son,

euell Giue me my on, that I may punish him,
For wronging this faire flower thy worthy child.

God. Alack good knight, I make my mone to thee,
And thou in true loue canst but pittie me.

Euell. Alas good knight, my griefs so iumps with thine,
That as I wepe for thee, so pittie mine.

Enter the Mother.

Mo. Where is my child, where is my Anabell?

God. Her wife, let vs hold hands, and in thre parts,
Let's sing around, and so weep out our hearts.

Mo. How could the wretch (deare soule) abuse thee so.
ana. Call him not wretch, he is wretched but by me.

In mee consists the cause of all this wo,
Fairst Florence is the mistress of his hart,
To her I am but as a Counterfit,
Rather I am an ethiop, soule, deformed
And therefore hated of my Challenger.

Doct. O Beautious maide, blemish not thy name,
Thou art Heauenly bright, and she as black as hell.

God. Should any but my Anabell say so,
Tho age hath set his soke vpon my back,
I would maintaine thy Beauty,

Swear thou wert faire,

Pay more then that, defend it with my sword.

euell. Sir God-frey, so would I, by heauen I would,

I, wert against that fugitive my son,

Fugitive in forsaking of his wife

To lead the race of an intemprat life.

Mo. Here me but one word, gentle maister Docter,
The Lord be with the vertuous Challenger where ere he

Be, Sir he should haue had my child,

God

of Bristow.

God honest Gentlemen he should,
And I repent me twenty hundred times,
So my godman forsooth would needs
Make vp the match with this same buthrist,
And now you see how he doth vse my child, alas.

Doct. This is some com' out in this depth of wo,
Thy vertue is prefer'd be'ore thy foe,
Why then tell them boldly who thou art,
So be still the Doctor, hold thy cour'e begun,
There is moze a fate, then will in hast be done.
cusi. Brother, it shall be so, he shall not haue
A graue come of my Land.

God. He spends no gods of mine vpon his trull.
cusi. Cut off all maintenance, that is the way
To make him see his sin.

ana. I say not so, deere father heele repent,
And I shall haue a husband of new birth.

god. Gidle, thou art so foolish, so are we to long,
Sufferance in this may grow to further wrong.

Doct. To further wrong indeed, for Vallenger
Hath hired me to payson Anabell.

cusi. What his true harted wife?
Doct. Delay is wor'e to danger, credit me,
And by that plot Gentlo must likewise die.

god. Blessed be the houre that euer I camt to bris.
cusi. A Doctor of moze honesty there liues not.

god. Were he our' for a thou'and times,
We must not let him be a murderer.

ana. God ffather let it suffice you know it,
And may pzeuent it follow it then no further.

Doct. I thou that rules the lotery of life,
Why should a bad man haue a vertuous wi'e,
Or a bad wi'e, haue a husband that is god,
Dost thou delight in contrarieties,

Then

The faire Maid

Then Therfore do we strive for vertue still,
When we are mastered by a greater will,
Come good old man; come myroz of true lynes,
O let my hart with your baris sympathise,
although I am no kinsman to lament,
In your distress my griefe as deeply spent.

God. Doctor, brother, whats to be done.
cust. Gods me we must go apprehend him strait.
god. There is no dallping in a matter of such wait,
And therfore let vs not be slack in this,
cust. Ag. no, brother with your men,
Beset you Sculloes house he may be there,
I and my men, will post another way,
No place shall be vnsought,
But we will haue him.

Exit the two old men.

Ana. God mother stay them
Dis their iourney forth,
May breed some mischief,
Therefore call them back againe.

Mo. Thou art to foolish girle, let them go,
thou stirris his loue, that is thy nextall foe.
DoA. O thou art scand of constancie thy selfe,
Challencer what a scwell didest thou losse,
By shoving it vnto thy faithles friend,
and how like drosse doth he account of it,
Come be:uous maiden wipe those crysall eyes,
thou wepest for loue of him which loue desires,
Lets in to counsell what may best relieue,
Where feares and sorrow giues men cause to grieue.

Exit Omnes.

Enter vallenger.

va What spightfull fortune Challenger is this,

this

of Bristow.

this villaine Doctor hath betraide my trust,
and to my father all my plots reuealed,
Who flat denies me succor or reliefe,
I dare not I be seene within the city,
For then there is no way but straight to prison,
He call to mistris Florence I know that she is kind,
to her Ile shew my griefe and my sick mind,
Ho, mistris Florence.

Enter Florence,

Flo. Whose there, sweet Challenger ist thée,
Why dost thou looke so sad, heu faies my deare?

Va. Faith neuer worse, but all my hopes in thee.

Flo. What ist sweet I will not do for thee?

Va. My Father and my wife knowes all my dyss,
And all enraged, threatens to be reuenge,
And will not let me haue no maintenance,
But sweares to plague me for my wickednes.

Flo. Is the wind in that doze,
What would you haue me do?

Va. To let me liue with thee a little space,
Till I haue obtained my Fathers grace,
Then what I haue sweet mistris shall be thine.

Flo. And what shall I do, beg the while,
So Challenger your deceaued in me,
think you that ile be priuy to your pletes,
to bring my selfe in danger of the Law,
Go to your wife and cherish her at home,
I do not like these wanton humors I.

Va. I hope sweet Florence that you do but tell.

Flo. We shew my hart then, do not take it so,
Pray leaue my house, least your father come.

Va. Give me house, come Florence but to night,

D

flo

The faire Maid

Flo. What an honour, shall I haue my reputation
Touched for this, if you linger here,
He send for the Officers to discharge my selfe.

Val. It is euen thus, well what remedy:
He in the fields wretched, there dispaire and die.

Flo. Pray God that Sencloe be not murdered now,
When all my hopes are lost.

Enter Blunt.

Flo. What now Blunt what news?

Blu. Sencloe hath drunk his last, the deed is done.

Flo. Then are we vndone Blunt?

Blu. Why, wherefore?

Flo. The poore dejected Vallenger was here,
As dry as dust not left a single drop,
His father betwix to follow law of him,

Well, would that Sencloe were alive againe.

Blu. 'Tis done, and there fore now there is no help.

Flo. Yes Blunt, there help, but make a womans wit,
Vallenger is but new gone out of dores,
Go follow him, and mark where he lies do lye,
And if thou see he is inclinde to sleepe,
Lay Sencloes murdered body hard by him,
Pluck out his sword, and all be bloody it,
And then cry murder as if he dyd the deed,
About it Blunt, do not the same neglect,
And then we two are free from all suspect.

Flo. Feare not this shall be done effectually.

Flo. Then farewell, come to me when tis done,
I shall be home, and stir not out of doore.

Blu. The diuell take thee for a filthy whore,
Thou art apt enough in murder, and in lust,
But like a stone in any thing is honest,

Exit

Well,

of Bristow.

Well, ere to morrow many things will change,
That dead men should refuse, it would seeme strang,
How after Vallenger I mean to goe,
To see in what place he doth himselfe bestow.

Exit.

Enter Senclo very drouse.

Senc. I wonder that I am so dull and heavy,
My teate doth stumble, as I go along,
Mine eyes hangs downe, as if I had not slept
This twenty daies, pray god it be for good.
Still more and more : well, I must needs lie downe,
And make my pillow of the grasse and ground.

He lies downe and fallles a sleepe,
enter Vallenger.

va. How vnhesome is the day vnto my eyes,
My cheeks do blush for to behold the skies,
Yet thinks the heauens doth frowne vpon my sin,
And to repentance bids my hart begin,
The earth do burne my feete with scorching fire,
Because that all as hot was my desire,
So heauen and earth, my practise doth confound,
Yet must I be beholding to the ground,
My griefe is heer, sleep doth follow sorrow,
Heere rest thy wretched carkas till to morrow.

Here he lies downe to sleepe.
Enter Blunt.

Blu. This way he went, and here he is laid to sleepe,
And Senclo by him, this is excellent :

D it,

How

The faire Maid

Polv Harbaret Since thou hast don him all this good,
For once be a littell launty of thy blood.

Heere he stabs his arme, and blodies Sentloes face,
and pluckes out vallingers sword and blodies
it, and laies it by him.

Blo. The Potion I gaue sendoe to drinke,
Doth make him seeme to all as he were dead,
And yet his time is not come to wake :
Polv will I raise the wach. Murder, murder.

Exit.

Vallinger startes vp.

Val. What noise is that affrites mine eares
With murder, I laid me downe to sleepe,
Whats here : My sword bygone out and bloody
And heres a gentleman new murthered,
Some villaine surely that hath don this deed,
Hath laid this murthered body here by me,
So by that meanes himselfe might be thought free.
If it be so, why then most hapie I,
that hates to liue, and hath such meanes to dy.

Enter the Constable and officers.

Con. He heres the murthered body, and here the murtherer,
I charge you in the kings name
Deliver up your weapons : And goe along with vs
With all my hart, see ther my weapons are,
And carie me wheresoere you please

Exit with vallinger.

Con. Goe to prison with him presently,
the rest bring in this murthered body.

enter.

of Bristow.

Enter Blunt in his owne shape.

Blo. God saue you sir, I here it rumozed,
a gentleman is slaine.

Con. I sir a proper man, and here he lies.

Blo. O noble sentloe dost ly soe lowe,
Breake hart assunder that thy frend is slaine.

Con. Sir, do you knowe the gentleman.

Blo. Yes sir, he was my louing friend,
And we at orfzrd fellow Pupels were,
Then god sir let me in kindnesse craue,
That as I allwaies lou'd him in his life,
so I may haue his body at his death.

That I may giue him Christian burial,

Con. With all my hart, weel leaue him with you sir,
and I am forry for your heauines.

Blo. So this goes well, once
He be blunt again.

Exit constable.

For now the times diuines on of his awake.

Sentloe rises.

Exit.

Sent. I neuer slept more soundly in my life,
But stay, how comes my hands soe bloody,
So is my face, me thinkes, stay heres my man.

Enter blunt amased.

Why how now blunt why farest thou so byon me,

Blo. are you aloue sir.

Sent. Didst thou set any body to kill me.

Blo. Not I sir but wicked Florence did,

The faire Maid

And hadst bin slaine, had it not bin for me,
Sentloe bechold thou Harbert and thy friend,
That thus hath wayed on thee like thy man,
To saue thee from a thousand miseries,

Sent. I am a maid, and knowe not what to say
O my deare Harbert: O my louing friend.

Harb. Leane of imbracements till some other time,
The king is com to Bristow, newly landed,
Come as we goe along Ile tell thee all,
Things wonderfull that yet thou dreamest not off.

Exit,

Enter king Richard, Leicester, and
Richmond.

King. All haste thou blessed bosome of my peace,
Richard findes instance of his home retorne,
Bristow, thou hast rode where first I land,
Doth welcome me now from the holy land.
Send word to London of our safe ariuall,
While we awhile in Bristow heere repose vs: O helper.
god. Fame with her brazen trump hath born this tidings
Eust. And Bristow with their Cittizens crye,
Their gladnes by their triumphe, at your safetie.

King. And we with you will put these triumphs on,
But for this unlucky accident,
Which makes old Eustice and Vmphreuil sad
Which grieues me for the noble gentlemen.
god. By blessed Saint Paule my liege I cannot brook it
to see my child, my aire, my Anabell,
this here: what a wretch was this?
Now by saint Charity if I were lodge,
a halter were the lead should hamper him.
Eust. Tho nature vsassels with my staled reason,

and

of Bristow.

and willes me plea d for mercie for my son,
yet iustice with impartial wings directs,
My thoughts from pittie, and my words for right,
My lieng to make an entrance to your fame,
Regard Vmphreviles wrong, punish my son,
I cannot lose him better then by law,
For is he lost that doth example giue,
Oftwert amends to such as lendly liue.

King. Vertue commendeth thy course, and patience his,
In both I pittie, what you both desire,
If iustice could be glased with pitties wings,
Call for the prisoner, let vs crowne the time,
With iustice, for these honorable men.

Ana. Haue mercy Richard, mercy in a king,
Is like the pærcles Diamond set in gold,
he out of enuy and of fury speaks,
I out of loue and passion plead for him.

King. What pleasing aduocate hath pittie rais'd,
To plead the prisoners cause, him selfe not there.

Ana. One that doth beare the greatest griefe of all,
The haples wife of wofull Vallenger.

King. Why thou art wrong'd, therfore shouldest claime,
Reueng for thee, and iustice for thy husband.

Ana. Reuedg for me my Lord, nay that cannot be,
vnles a strang deuision may be had,
For I that am as naxely knit to Vallenger
as bodie to the soule, cannot suppose
an iniury, But think his losse,
To be my miserie and chiefest crosse.

God. Hath he not sought thy blood thou foolish girle?

Ana. He sought no more then I can freely giue,
and sacrifice to death so he may liue.

Mo. Did he not keepe a harlot to despight thee.

ana. And if he mend that fault he sone may right me.

God.

The faire Maid

God. He gaue thy ornaments to deck his trull.

Ana. And my consent did ratifie his guilt.

Mo. Well he hates thee.

Ana. To try my patience, all that he did or gaue,

Or did contriue conserne me,
his act was my allowance.

Now since my selfe, accuse not, but excuse.

Since she that was supposed to be wronged,

Doth right that wrong, be iust and set him free,

For I protest I know no iniury.

God. She knowes no iniurie, my Lord she lies,

King. Sir God-frey since your daughter doth

Remit his fault, methinks you should forgive him,

god. Forgive him, no not I the wretch shall neuer boss,

That he hath braued old God-frey in a iust

And honest cause. He touch him I,

I and tuch him to the quick,

No lesse then for his neck verse will I touch him,

Doctor stand forth and to my pince and pères,

Say what thou know'st of Scentloes bloudy death

Cha. Then this I bow before your Maiesty,

That Challenger corrupted me by gold,

to poison Anabel, and Scentloe to.

Ana. Intents are nothing till they come to acts.

god. and mistris is not Scentloe dead in act.

Har. Scentloe is dead, my maisters bloudy death,

Should quicken iustice in your maiesty.

King. thou shalt haue iustice to thy owne content.

Cha. O how I grieve to see her bairn's tears,

Water the Crimson roses of her cheeks.

Har. Had not my wit prevented this before,

For you nor she, had neuer sorrowed more.

Eust. You come my son: what said I? No my shame:

O let his bloud my liedge redame the same.

King.

of Bristow.

Enter vallenger and officers.

King. Vong Vallenger thou art here,
Accu'ed for Anabell.

And murdering Sentloe that is dead,
Speak, art thou guilty. I or noe.

va. Guilty in both my Lord, and here for both
Ready to pay the penallty of my life,
Tho in my soule and conscience I am cleere,
Of Sentloes death, yet welcome happie lot,
That so shall rid my life of that foule spot.

ana. Alas poore soule, how grieve and his disgrace,
Doth make him desprate, behold his face.
From thence speaks truth, as from an Oracle,
That he is innocent, tho his words accu'e him.

king. Well Vallenger attend thy sentence.

Har. Pronounce not sentence yet, right royall king.

king. What lawfull stay canst thou impart to vs.

Har. A stay to straighten iustice and the truth,
By conscience charged with this hainous crime,
Makes me con'e'c' tho to my harts true grieve,
That by thinticements of lewd Florence and her guits,
I should haue murdered Sentlo, my deere maister,
I therefore think that through her wickednes
She is the cause of all these villainies.

king. Vost officers, and fetch her to our presence.

va. A weake delay to hinder my strong faith.

Go. I euer thought that Harlot would be one.
See how that bold accu'cates it like a hyde.

Enter Florence.

Ho. Wealth to the king, good fortune to the poeres.

Mou. A boulder quean ther liude not this many yeres.

C

king.

The faire Maid

King. By pearcing iudgment, through the brittle glasse,
Of that fraile beauty, doth deserue her losenes,
Lady stand forth.

Flo. I entertaine that name most royall king,
And boldly come hère to claere my selfe,
Of any thing that shall be laid against me.

King. You are hère acused as accessarie,
Unto Sentloes death, speake are you guilty for no.

Flo. Doth this disgraced son of that proud man,
Charg me wi. h these surmises brize the king.

Va. Thou hast not murdered him, but my reuolune,
His death, this hand my death of fame doth wound.

Cha. Thus lust makes pongmens misery her law.

Flo. Who then dares touch my reputa'tion?

Eust. Loke there on: hy accuser, that is he.

Flo. This costly lumpe of flaysh, this haghaird clauie,

Eust. Aptie thy speech proud woman to the place,
Speake reuerently in presence of the King.

King. Lady we stand not upon words,
But one the proffe, and estimate of right.

Sircha, stand forth: and freely speake the truth.

Har. The wretch my Lord that neuer did offend,

Fears not to die, I charge thee Florence

Of my maisters death: Forreouer. I charg thee

That with this purse of massie gold

Thou didst bribe me,

To murder Sentloc, Sentlo that is dead.

Ho. I bribe thee, with what false: how dost thou urge me.

Har. Let Challenger be asked what purse this is,

Loke on it Ladies, marke it, for you know it.

Ana. This purse was mine.

Va. This purse I gaue to Florence.

King. Then with this purse, we boldly may conclude
that she did bribe Blunt to murder Sentloc.

Eust.

of Bristow.

Eust. Looke on her face my Lord, her colour changeth,
Ho. Am I discorde, shall ponder cozly haue,
By blabing tongue bring me to infamy,
So tho I assure my death, ile further his.

God. Your answer Floyence, what debate you there?
Ho. My answer shall be resolute and true,
Woorthy the halloz of a womans mind,
To bad for the, thou lumps of infamy.

Eust. Nothing but badnes is from bad deriued.
Ho. Most mighty king. I freely do confes,
That curled Blunt consented to murder Sentloe,
This is the truth of all, lye I o; die.

Har. Let vs is her life my Lord, and lose her tong.
king. Well take them aside,

In Floyence I obserue her impudence,
In Wallenger dispaire, in Blunt remorse,
In these thy;e last front terroz,
Call them agen, attend your sentence all,
First Wallenger, thou soughtest to poison Anabell thy wife,
Since by aparent proffe Sentlo's slaine,
Our sentence is respectiue for thy good,
A noble death: the losse of thy lewd head,
Blunt, and this honest Floyence,
Boih for committing and concealing murder,
Must one the gallowes die, this is our sentence.

Har. No act is proued in me right royall king.
King Her words approue thy act, thy act her will.
Har. My fault is in concealment, not attempt.
Ho. His fault is murder, hang vs all my Lord.
Eust. Harbar for all your kindnes to my sen,

He se you shortly caper in a tozd.

Ho. Se then you hang vs close ly, then my Lord.
To his in death, as we haue had in life.

Ana. Will not thy shame, no; shame thou womanhood,

Exit.

Ho.

The faire Maid

Flo. Alack god god, how holy is the grower,
He loues the flesh, yet dares not make it knowne.

ya. I do embrace the law, as plea'd to die,
Father forgive the follies of my youth,
Amphrebill, let me beare to heauen
Upon the wings of my unfained repentance,
My sorrow here indented in my tears,
And thou indued wonder of thy ere,
Forgiue the wrongs that I haue done to thee,
That I may go with peace vnto my death.

king. Away with them,
To morrow to execution be performd,
Ana. O mercy Richard, shew some mercy,
Will Challenger in silence losse his son,
And harder then the Penarian rockes,
Neuer be perst,
Although the father will not, Richmond plead:
And if that Richmond dare not, Liestor speak,
O see the time flets hence with Swolles wings,
Time runs: O Gracious king be mercifull.

king. Lady I cannot breake the limites of the law,
A wilfull murder must be paid with death,
Yet bring me a man that willingly will yeld
Sufferance of death, to saue yong Challenger,
And he shall liue, else hope no further grace:
Attend our further pleasures at the court.

ana. This is some comfort, happie Anabell,
Now shew thy ready and thy womans wit.

Chal. How shall he liue in one will die for him,
Will Challenger, if thou haue such a friend:
Thou art happie, but I mean to see the end.

Exit Challenger.

Enter

of Bristow.

Enter Scatloe like a frier.

Sent. Thus like a frier I haue disguised my selfe,
To see my deere friend, that hath saued my life,
And that same Drumpet that
Would haue caused my death.
A harlots loue, is like a chimney smoke,
Quinering in the aire betwene two blasts of winds,
Bozne here and there by either of the same,
And properly to none of both inclind,
Hate, and dispaire, is painted in their eyes,
Deceit, and treason, in their bosome lies:
Their promises, are made of brittle glasse,
Ground like a phillip, to the finest dust,
Their thoughts like streaming riuers swiftly passe,
Their words are oyle, and yet they geather rust,
True are they neuer found, but in vntruth:
Constant in nought, but in vncostante:
Denouring cankers of mans liberty,
But stay: I am at the prison gate,
Where are you keeper, let me speake with you:
keep. Who knocks there?
Sent. A fryer come to confesse your prisoners.
Keep. Stay ile bring them to you presently.

Enter Vallenger, Florence, and Blunt, and
the keeper.

Sent. Health to this place: Sir, let me speake with you.
Do you not sorrow inward at your hart,
For your losse life you haue so wanton spent.
Val. Yes: from my hart Sir, and do thinke it long,
That this vild life of mine doth breath so long.

Sent.

The faire Maid

Sent. Do not dispaire, although your death be nite,
Heauen loke vpon you with a Gracious eie.

Ho. Now gentlewoman : let me speake with you,
Now good fellow, what wouldst thou haue with me ?

Sent. To confesse truly your offences past.

Ho. Well : shall I confesse one thing truly to thee,

Sent. One thing, and euery thing.

Ho. Why then I confesse truly that before

This time neuer confest any thing truly,

But in brye 'e father ile tell thee,

All that I couseaned, I defrauded :

Who 'e I haue slandered, I haue defamed,

Whom I hated, I loued not :

And this hath bin the manner of my life.

Sent. Are you not sorry for that you haue done.

Ho. So by my troth, nere a whit at all.

Sent. I hope your mind will change before you die.

Ho. Perhaps you know so much : trust me, not I.

Sent. God turn your hart: I would let me speak with you,
The time draws nere of execution,

What is it mate I goe along with you ?

Har. I gentle Sentloe, and thy sel-e shall see,
The deference twixt lust, and chastity

Enter a messenger.

Mes. You must bring the prisoners away,
The king and peeres are already set.

keep. Say we make all the speed we may.

Ho. Come noble harts, lets fearless march away,
A little hanging will dispatch vs all.

Exit Omnes,

Enter the king, Richmond, Liester Sir

Eustice,

of Bristow.

Eustice, Sir Godfrey, to the
execution.

king. Sir Godfrey, and Sir Eustice vallenger,
Your Silver hautes shoulde teach you patience:
god. My ledge, God be my record I do not repine,
Alack good knight, thou weeps in vaine,
But now there is no helpe.

Eust. I, I, my Soueraine iustice on my son,
He hath deserued death, and let him haue it.

king. Sir godfrey, hath your daughter yet
found out a man will die oʒ Vallenger,
Such was our promise in regard oʒ her,
And since our woʒd is past, we graunt it him.

god. So, no, my Soueraine, I haue hard,
A man begged by necessity to lead his rend,
Oʒ to redeme his person with his owne,
But to find one will die foʒ a friend,
This age we liue in doth not now a byd.

Enter the officers with the prisoners.

king. Dispose yong Vallenger the first to death,
That done, send hence the other to their sentence domd
va. Ere I a end this stage where I must act,
The latestt period oʒ this life oʒ mine,
First let me do my duty to my pince.
Pert vnto you, to much by me offended,
Now step, by step, as I a end this place,
Mount thou my soule into the throwne oʒ grace,
If my offence might be forgiven on earth,
I would a ke pardon oʒ my dread king.

My

The faire Maid

My parents, and my wife,
That must forgive me,
But my hatefull life
Wash so be blotted and besmired my fault,
That when I come to ask the last forgiveness,
They will not list my sute,
Nor yet regard it.

Enter at one doore, Anabell disguised
like a man, and at another
Challenger.

Ana. Stay : here is one will die for ballenger.

Chal. Nay here is one will die for Vallenger.

God. We blind mine eyes, O vertuous Challenger.

Come to redeme his enemy from death. (to thee,

val. O Challenger, by the deep wrongs that I haue done

O hide thy face, thy looks are far more keene,

Then is the are, must strike the fatal stroke :

For thee sweet youth, thou canst alledge no reason

Why thou shouldst die for me,

We iust O king,

So to ment worse, then fruitles lingering.

King. Dispatch them executioner : dispatch.

ana. Stay executioner : do me iustice king,

thy word is past that vallenger shall liue,

If any one will lose his life for him,

And that will I : ile dy for vallenger,

Chal. Nay heere is one, that for the loue he beares,

to Anabell, but not to him, will die for vallenger.

ana. My plea was entered first, my claime must stand.

Cha. Tell me but what thou art, rash yongman,

that dares enter into this place before me :

humannity doth teach thee thou euer shouldst

Giue

The faire Maid

Come Challenger, that happy hand of thine,
Shall saue thy li'e and make an end of mine.
val. To strike the stroke, to murder Anabell,
First let my soule sink to the pit of hell.

Cha. A man the executioner of his wi'e,
Is so vnhumaine that a mortall eie
Would euen be bloudshed to behold the same,
Where o're dread king let me die for both,
But to de'end so scandalus an act:
And as for thee, I hate thee Challenger,
And could be well content withall my hart,
To be thy deathes man, for thou hatest me,
Besids, yet Chalenger consider this,
Hauing a wi'e so faire as Anabell,
Beloued of me thy foe, and so intirely,
That I do offer vp my li'e for hers,
Should mercy pardon now what law doth threaten,
Thou must inmagin if that we too liue,
I will should go about to murder thee,
To inloy thy wi'e, whom I so much do loue,
there o're beg of the king that onely I may die,
to saue her hono'r, and thy infamie.

Blu. Wark you huswi'e, do you heare all this:
Doth not your hart melt at this amiss.

Flo. Spelt Blunt yes, and doth wepe brynish tearq,
to see what fames them, and doth me con'ound,
Where is a glasse for such as liues by lust,
See what tis to be honest, what tis to be lust,

Blu. Why this is wel: now Soueraine heare me speak,
If he that is supposed staine doth liue,
Then kindly may we reconcile the ciars,
king. Our law deeth light on none, but guilty crimes:
And that it punisheth as iustice willes.

Blu. Why then vouchsafe all in this princely presence,
Why

of Bristow.

This gentleman and I brought all to passe,
He in a Doctors shape, hath saued the life
Of my friend Sentloe, and of Anabell,
I in like sort haue saued Challenger,
And Sentloe which by me should haue bin slaine;
I saued him by an honest policie.
And now aliuie present him to your sight,
To make a pleasing end of these sad sightes.

Heere Sendoe putteth off his whod and
kneeles downe.

This breaths new life into my hated hart.

Val. Sweet beautionous lettes, the ranter of my smart,
Forget in me, what I haue done amisse,
And seale my pardon with one balmy kisse
My soule repents her lewd inpyttie.

Ana. My blouds deere solace, and my best content,
My onely deere esteemed Vallenger,
Not all the world being turned into pleasure,
Could giue my seale such sweet contented treasure,
Thou art more deere, more pleasing to my mind,
then at the first: before thou prouest vnkind,
tis insident for yong men to offend,
And wines must stay their leasures to amend.

Chal. This kind contrition of yong vallenger,
More loyes my hart, then rest to travellers,
Lies long together, and may neuer fate,
this new toynd league of marriage sepeate.

Har. The like say I, to thee that now hath tryed,
A friends firme faith, that nothing can deuide.

Sent. the which I will indeuer to deserue,
And not so much as once in thought to serue.

The faire Maid

king. Since all things sorteth to this happines,
And pining care, is turned to ioyfull mirth,
I will be partnee in your meryment,
Away with that same tragike monument,
For that same Florence there, becau'e we see,
She doothes something for her follies past,
Let her be had among the Conuertines.
And as her faults shall vanish or else stay,
Let her be vied accordingly. Away with her,
Glad parents, and glad friends,
In Biskow here a while our selues will stay,
And spend some sportfull houres to crowne your ioy
After so many troubles, and tyerd annoy.

Exit Omnes.

F J N I S.



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